Poems

- Brian Edwards

The last traces
of winter
are vanishing
spring is here
with its blooms
and singing
sparrows
I do not sing
for I can find
nothing
to sing about
yet the sparrows
can and they do
sing
bless them for it
as they are
an inspiration
to us all

***

- 4/7/2026

Waiting patiently
for the turning
of the page
in the great
chronicle
of this age
we seem
to have hit
a rough patch
and no mere words
can describe
what I mean
so long
so long
you beautiful world
of the serene
hello with regrets
you dark world
of the bureaucratic
machine

***

- 4/7/2026

A shining light
across
a crystalline sea
the lighthouse
glows bright
so all the drunks
may see

***

- 4/7/2026

Send for me
when the trumpet
sounds
until then
I wish to sleep
in my beloved ground
send for me
when the angels
are near
until then
I shall dream
of things
very .... very
far from here

***

- 4/8/2026

So I simply
do what's
expected
I always do
what's expected
what's the
alternative
and at
the end
of the year
I'll get
two weeks
vacation
when the weather
is very cold

***

- 4/8/2026

Sing it boldly
sing it true
give us tobacco
that we may chew
bring us beer
we love it so
bring us whiskey
nevermind

***

- 4/8/2026

By the gaslight
by the star
by the Universal
translation for
FUBAR
give us
wishful thinking
at least
let us not
feel that
we're being
devoured
by such
a greedy beast

***

- 4/8/2026

I remember
those old days well
compared to today
those old days
were swell
now sometimes
these days
suck like Hell
I'd rather
go back
to those old days
that Father Time
made swell
what the Hell
has he done
that old
son of a gun

***

- 4/8/2026

Scholars write
their words
in a book
fishermen put
their bait
on a hook
yet what is it
the politicians do
if you think
about it
they're far less
useful
than a shoe

***

- 4/7/2026

So we danced
on the
Ides of March
a revival
a remembrance
a festival
of sorts
O' what a time
we had
dancing on
the Ides of March

***

- 4/9/2026

It's a low down
feeling
to be cast
down into
the mud
muster
all that anger
bite your tongue
and call forth
the fearsome winds
of the banshee

***

- 4/9/2026

Row
Row
Row
it's the
Cynic's life
for me
Row
Row
Row
towards
the shore
near that
mountain
that glows
like a lantern
that's the light
of philosophy there
Row
Row
Row

***

- 4/9/2026

I say
let the trumpets
blast
and break
all the glass
may all those
strange
mysterious things
appear
in the sky
I won't care why
I simply wish
to get out
of work
a little early

***

- 4/9/2026

The dark clouds
have rolled in
the sky
is bleak
there is
nothing more now
I wish to seek
the rain
will fall
the grass
will grow
yet there is
nothing more
I wish to know
so do what it is
you do
when it rains
I will suffer
no loss
nor win any gains
the dark clouds now
are rolling through
and there's
nothing more
I wish to do

***

- 4/9/2026

This star
lost in
the sea
where art thou
and where
am I
a thousand
plateaus
of orchids
before my eyes
to thy surroundings
be aware
carry with thee
a candle
if though believeth
it would give thee
the desired light

***

- 4/9/2026

I saw it
out there once
the realm
of light
out there
over the ocean
out there
on the horizon
the closest thing
I've ever seen
to something
eternal
then it was gone
and I was left
there wondering
on a beach
in New Jersey

***

- 4/9/2026

These days
seem thrown
together
to me
with no sense
of artistry
no craftsmanship
no eloquence
now is the hour
of the flame
the sky flame
the sky fire
a new day arises
we approach
the direction
of the star
our world
it is turning now
in the direction
of the star

***

- 4/10/2026

Seek the
sailor's song
just as
you would seek
the sea wind
go to where
the ocean
is the only
world you know
go to
the lighthouse
that has stood
for two hundred
years
and behold
the light
it shines
out to sea
for the eyes
of mariners
on their voyage

***

- 4/10/2026

All the nice dreams
all the cold streams
as the morning sky
grows colorful
as the sparrows fly
I do not check
the news headlines
for that
would destroy
the balance
of this harmony

***

- 4/10/2026

The bright
Full Moon
has gone astray
and has
thrown me
to the
dreaming wolves
I have wandered
through
a desert
and across
a plateau
of withered roses

***

- 4/10/2026

All my kingdom
for a beer
yet my kingdom
is small
and not
very near
yet all the same
all my kingdom
for a beer
thank you
good Sir
have a wonderful
year

***

- 4/10/2026

In a blue sky
where the clouds
float on by
I see up there
what reminds me
of the past
blue sky
of remembrance

***

- 4/10/2026

Another Friday
is done
I've gained nothing
lost nothing
dreamt nothing
in a long time
not since the reign
of King
what's his name
the Twelfth
and that's been
a while
many Fridays
many Full Moons
since
now it's done
now it's over
now I'll go
to bed
and sleep
in this
pleasant town
of Dover

***

- 4/10/2026

With cigarette
with rum
with passion
with fire
I will blaze
across the night
the sea
of stars
until I reach
the Super Nova

***

- 4/10/2026

THE ISLANDS OF MORNING LIGHT :

Whistle
the sweet tune
let go
of the balloon
in the
howling wind
mark my words
tonight's
the night
of stars
going to see
them shining
like diamonds
in Aphrodite's dream
calling on
the armada
of doves
take me back
to the islands
of morning light

***

- 4/10/2026

Now we wander
in misty fields
now we wander
in the
twilight dim
now we behold
a steeple
there a ways
yonder
night shall
cast its cloak
of darkness
very soon
and here
we wander in
the twilight dim

***

- 4/10/2026

THE SHORES OF SLEEP :

Here at
the shores
of sleep
here between
these pillars
of a dream
I go on
I go on
towards
the glow
of the dawn
I go on
I go on
sailing upon
the sea
of sleep
and hazy memory

***

- 4/10/2026

Feeling
that memory
bright and ablaze
with me throughout
all my solitary days
moving like
a feather
moving like
a crow
what do I
need to know
once I am
well beyond
the shoreline
time is not
hollow
it is always
full of memory
and such things
bless us
shining star
of the north
sky of the north
with stars
and mythology
of the great
Cosmic sea

***

- 4/11/2026

The ravens
sing again
of tomorrow's
brightest light
ever to be
beheld
I once believed
that I could hear
the great hourglass
sing
muse of my soul
and of
a million dawns
speak to me now
in enchanted voice
such a kingdom now
has been given
a choice
now may I laugh
if it pleases
the mysteries
of the mysteries
of the air
a way forward
towards the solace
of my twilight hour

***

- 4/11/2026

Among all
of the
peacock feathers
I become
lost in color
and in pondering
pre-Industrial times
among all
the blooms
and blossoms
of spring
I dare to sing
to myself
an old song
I once knew
back when

***

- 4/9/2026

It all went by
so quickly
and now I feel
the twilight
approaching
whatever
I do now
will be on
extra time
how quickly
it all went by
this life
that was mine

***

- 4/9/2026

The madness grows
and spreads
and spreads
how it all
started
we cannot agree
that it's all
madness
clearly all sides
can see
it spreads
as we try
and hold on
to the last
of our marbles

***

- 4/9/2026

What is this
it's no
universal truth
we will carry on
we will
move forward
into the storm
that is here today
into the storm
that is here
tomorrow
we will
climb pillars
and read poems
we'll wander
into deserts
at dawn
what is this
is it
a universal truth
that we feel
yet that
we never hear
spoken of
we'll move
onward
we always do
we always will
by the light
of a bright
valley
upon the Moon

***

- 4/9/2026

Hearing
the stillness
the quiet
out in the Pines
just before
the Sun rises
within that
silence
that peace
that is where
one may find
a threshold
to cross into
the next world

***

- 4/10/2026

I exist
in no one place
I exist
in many places
simultaneously
I exist here
and I exist there
early
in the morning
I move
towards temples
in the desert
I move towards
a stream
in the forest
I am many people
while possessing
no sense of self
I am the dawn
and I am
of the night
I wander plateaus
of wolfsbane
I wander
desolate valleys
of a single flower
in the Moonlight

***

- 4/10/2026

I am falling
and you
are falling to
we are both
renegades
of the fall
the philosophies
we each
hold sacred
blend together well
let's go
to the beach
and collect shells
for they seem to us
our connection
to Neptune's
great vision

***

- 4/10/2026

Waking up
suddenly
like hitting
a brick wall
like feeling
hungover
though I didn't
touch a drink
false idols
everywhere
a sea of meaning
chopped up
like confetti
a tide coming in
sand and water
salty air
as it always was
I wonder
when I will
be able
to return
to my lost dream
in this place
the false idols
are always
near me
they speak
without speaking
and others
often do
their speaking
for them
azure and
golden light
sky and Sun
as it always was

***

- 4/12/2026

The truth
of some mysteries
we could never
comprehend
the truth itself
has been confirmed
to be a mystery
a mystery
is always
a mystery
time is
a mystery
as is memory
as are dreams
as are
contemplations
upon true meaning
true meaning
sometimes
disguises itself
as a harlequin
mysteries
are what
baffle you
sometimes
light is
the light
mighty and true
a thing
was given
to them
most true
and they
squandered it
no mystery there

***

- 4/12/2026

What is true
when the truth
is not true
I get vertigo
contemplating
tell me about
the way things
never were
tell me about
that valley
on the Moon
that is lovely
when truth
is not true
what do you do
what upheaval
can appear
what balancing
can happen
what kind
of mythology
appears
out of the fog
we'll find out soon
for the fog
approaches

***

- 4/12/2026

Sometimes
rum
is very tasty
yet sometimes
it makes one
a tad too crazy
I have been
a tad too crazy
for many a Moon
and all too soon
it could all end
and the wind
will howl
when it's windy
light of light
light of the soul
light of exile
I seek to
find peace
in this place
of my exile

***

- 4/12/2026

Send me
into exile
to an isle
of the Sun
a true dream
is a possession
to cherish
I have many
true dreams
and I cherish
them fondly
out on
the open sea
of time
cherish time
believe in time
look for
the light
of the eternal time
out there
upon the open sea
of time
time is the wind
out here
and out here
the wind is time
send me
into exile
send me
to a dream
the horizon
shall always be
my home
hereafter

***

- 4/12/2026

I sought
to hear
what the silence
of the forest
did have to say
yet I couldn't
make it out
on the road
in good time
my life seems
to be becoming
devoured by vines
cheap wine
is out as
an option now
this mind
is too reminiscent
of a battlefield

***

- 4/12/2026

I have become
lost again
in a maze
conceived
by the world
the feeling
I find
is too familiar
I was always
pulled towards
a maze each time
a new one
came into existence
they are something
the world
creates naturally
days and nights
go by
while I am lost
I can never
stay clear
of this danger
it seems
all I have left
are these few
dreams that
I follow
and into a maze
they always
take me

***

- 4/26/2026

Ravens
of solitude
in the forest
how and why
the world
doesn't deceive
only we deceive
it is we
who fabricate
hollow things
like the night
are the wings
of the ravens
of solitude
like the desert
are their eyes

***

- 4/12/2026

Time of
the vision
time of
the trance
get yourself
away from
that isle
of fog
it'll keep
you there
for all
your life
never seeing
with real clarity
never hearing
the symphony
of a mind
at peace
when the mind's
not at peace
the sea winds
kick up
a tempest
grows in strength
get yourself away
before your boat
is carried away
to shores where
the hydras play

***

- 4/12/2026

A morning
of swans
if only
it could be
yet it's just
another morning
of cold industry
where is the fire
where is
the passion
once felt
so much now
concocted by
an algorithm
must we pay
for the very act
of breathing
the air
someday
someone
in the business
of cold industry
will think it
a swell idea

***

- 4/12/2026

Moving out
into the
groaning reality
it's a Sunny
spring day
a fine day
yet the world
groans
in dismay
there is nothing
more to say
we are moving
towards a time
of obscurity
what have we sought
what have we wrought
what can we see
without much glee
this fine day
in the Sun

***

- 4/12/2026